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A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

"WHY DO YOU THINK, YOUNG MAN, THAT MY DAUGHTER WANTS TO MARRY YOU?"

"BECAUSE SHE SAID SHE DID."

A TEST.

MR. HOJACK: Miss Tenspot must be surpassingly beautiful.

MR. TOMDIK: Indeed! What makes you think so?

"She looks well even in an amateur photograph."

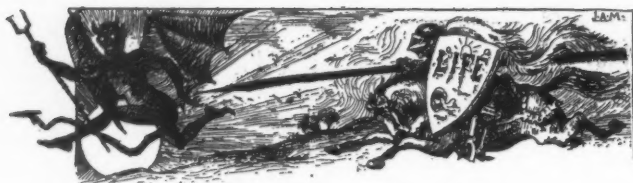
MANY a man follows his bent till he goes broke.

IT IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

NOW that the "Li Hung yellow jacket" has become the proper and swell thing for afternoon teas, we may shortly expect to see it followed by the baggy trousers and picturesque foot-wear of our sister Orientals; and as it is an established fact that dress has much to do with one's mentality and bearing, and that these in turn are reflected in the countenance, it follows, therefore, that the "Li Hung face" is a possibility of the future, and that a gamboge complexion and almond eyes may become marks of pedigree and social distinction that will at least date back so far as the memorable summer when the mild-eyed and solicitous Mars of far Cathay sat among us, and from the midst of Waldorfian splendor propounded strange and disquieting queries to pneumatically distended bond-holders and females of infrequent birth-days.



"DOING TWO THINGS AT ONCE."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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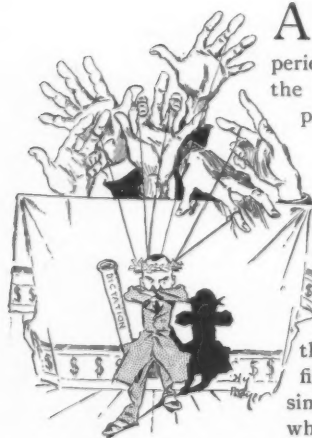
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THE Powers threaten now to get together and regulate Turkey without any general disturbance. That may be the wisest way, but it by no means satisfies all of Christendom's yearnings.

We would all prefer that when Turkey is regulated some one should get hurt. We want an autopsy, and a coroner's jury to sit on the Assassin, and punishment for the murderers and ravishers of the Armenians. But in matters that concern Turkey we have learned to be grateful for very little. The Sultan's crimes have so beggared human punishment that, with the best intentions and the most ample conveniences, it would be impossible to get even with him all at once. His cruelties are historical; the final issue of them must be historical also. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but there is apt to be a final justice in events.

* * *



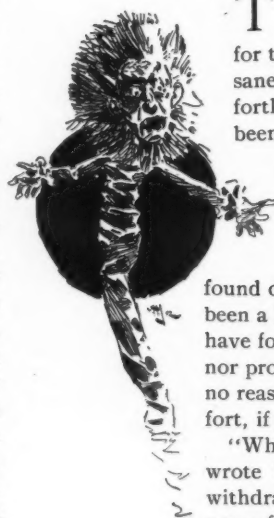
ANYTHING which was very profusely illustrated by the recent experience of Mr. John Boyd Thacher is the inconvenience of convictions to political leaders who do not intend to follow them. A leader who has clear convictions on a matter of public policy, and intends to act upon them, has his course plainly indicated. He will declare his beliefs, and decline to be placed in a position that is inconsistent with them. So also the course of a leader who has no fixed convictions is comparatively simple. His policy is to find out what most of the voters in his party seem at the moment to want, and to take such a stand as may appear to him best adapted to win their support.

* * *

MR. THACHER tried to compromise. He wished to retain his convictions as to the inexpediency of free coinage, and at the same time to figure as the

leader and candidate of the silver men in New York State politics. A great many Democrats have had the same desires this year that he has had. They have had definite convictions as to the fatuity of the Chicago platform, and have wished to see the Democratic national ticket defeated, but they have wanted to see some one else oppose it and beat it, while they gave it a nominal support and preserved their "regularity." The selfishness of their position has been profound.

* * *



THE prospect of Bryan's election has had the same terrors for them that it has had for other sane citizens; the principles set forth in the Chicago platform have been as revolting to their intelligence as to that of their brethren, but they have restrained their patriotic impulse to bolt for fear that after election they might be found outside the breastworks. It has been a hard season for them, for they have found neither honor nor comfort nor profit in their course, and there is no reason to think that honor or comfort, if profit, is awaiting them.

"What the Democratic party needs," wrote Mr. Thacher, in his letter of withdrawal, "is wise, fearless, and powerful organization, which will respond to every beat of the popular heart." What the party needs, Mr. Thacher, is wise and fearless leaders, who will use their intelligence and their conscience in their leadership. To such leaders the popular heart is bound to respond, or popular government will fail. Without such leaders a powerful organization is an army without generals, good for nothing but to bring calamity down upon the country and itself.

* * *



THE complaints of Mr. Howard Gould of the discourtesy of sundry English yachtsmen seem to be well founded, though somewhat late. Possibly the Englishmen surmised that Mr. Gould had inherited a turn for trickery from the same source from which he got his money, but certainly the sudden search of the *Niagara* failed to discover any basis for this suspicion. Mr. Gould's experience should be a lesson to him not to race in English waters any more. The American public has been so nauseated by international yachting disputes that it has no stomach for a fresh one. It has learned with relief that the desire of Sir George Newnes to challenge for the *America's* cup has been balked by the refusal of the Royal London Yacht Club to forward his challenge.

MY FORESIGHT.

ALTHOUGH I was, of course, very happy that the necessity had been forced upon me—it was a leap-year proposal—yet it was with some misgivings that I started out to buy the ring. I am not a judge of gems; but fortunately the decision, as regards kind, had not been left with me, for she had distinctly stated that she preferred diamonds. And yet, my ignorance of the merits and values of diamonds being so dense, it was with considerable diffidence that I entered the portals—portals has a rich Oriental sound, suitable for a dealer in gems—of the jeweler and asked to see some diamond rings, suitable for engagements.

"What kind, sir?" asked the polite clerk. "Marquise or—"

"No, indeed," I interrupted, decisively. "She's a queen."

"Solitaire, then?" suggested the clerk, coughing violently.

"Certainly," I said, indignantly. "You don't suppose I'm engaged to half a dozen, do you?"

I felt sorry at once that I had spoken so sharply to him, for he blushed so furiously that his face became purple, and from the way his shoulders shook, I could see that he was very sensibly affected by my scornful question. With a muttered apology, he produced a tray full of diamonds—worth about as much, I should judge, as the rarer trayful against an ace-high flush.

"Do you sell 'em by size?" I asked, as I examined them.



HARRY B. NEILSON.

"CAN A MOTHER'S TENDER CARE CEASE TOWARD THE CHILD SHE-BEAR?"

"Well, partly, and partly by weight," he replied.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, surprised. "I should think it would be easier to sell 'em by count."

I never saw such a sensitive clerk as this. I had glanced rather sharply into his face as I spoke, for I had a dim suspicion that he might be guying me with such a preposterous statement—there was not a single diamond in the lot that would weigh half an ounce, I am sure—and again his face got red as he saw my suspicion, and he choked and gasped as though his confusion was almost unbearable. So to ease his embarrassment, I picked up one of the rings, and said I thought that would do, and how much was it.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars," he said.

"What?" I shouted, in my amazement. "Here, I'll give you two hundred, and that's the last cent I'm going to spend on a ring."

He shook his head, and, picking out another ring, handed it to me with the remark, "Here is one that I'll let you have for two hundred."

"Oh, come off," I jeered, for, I give you my word, the diamond was not a quarter—no, I do not think it was more than an eighth of an inch in diameter.

Well, after we had dickered for an hour or so, I was over-



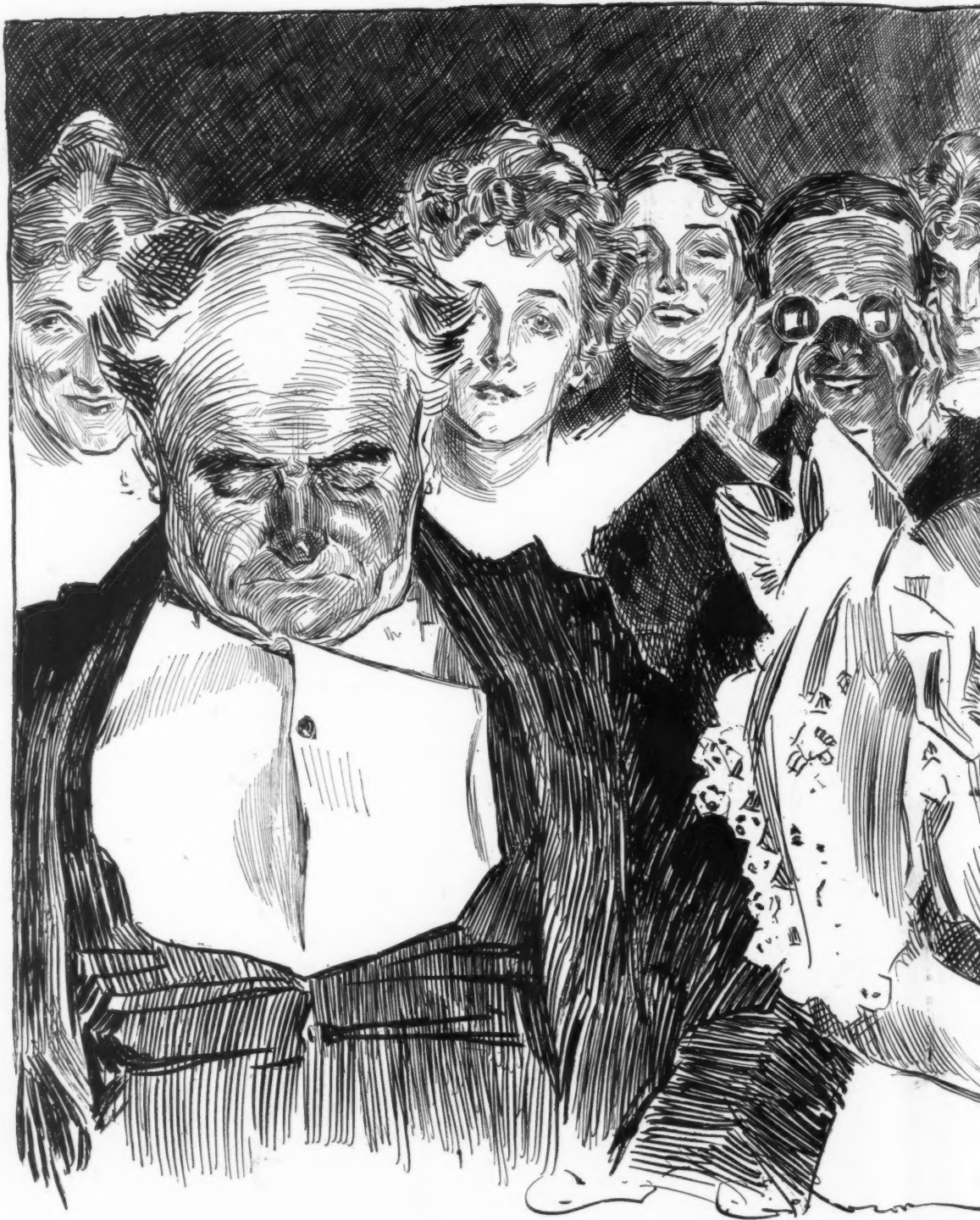
Isaacstein (who has lately moved from the Bowery to Fifth Avenue): GOTT IN HIMMEL! VAT IS DOT?



IN DOUBT.

He: SHALL I PULL DOWN THAT CURTAIN IN FRONT OF YOU?

"THAT DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU ARE GOING TO SIT."



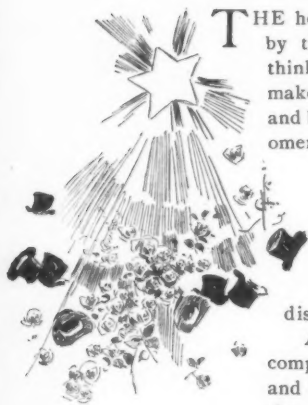
IFE •



AT A COMEDY.



THE BIRTH OF A STAR.



THE heavens are pretty thoroughly charted by this time, and when an astronomer thinks he has discovered a new star he makes sure of the fact before he goes out and buys champagne for the other astronomers. Just who the theatrical astronomer was that discovered that Miss Georgia Cayvan was a star does not appear in evidence, but it is perfectly certain that his calculations ought to have been verified before the announcement of the discovery.

As a leading woman in a polite stock company Miss Cayvan and her abilities and limitations have been well known to the theatre-going public for some time.

Beyond the public familiarity with her name it is difficult to say just why she should have been selected for stellar honors. Long-service stripes she might rightfully claim, but she has never shown the distinguished powers which entitle her to appear as the principal and pronounced attraction of a dramatic entertainment. She has always been a pleasing actress in sweet and womanly characters, but with an individuality which bent very slightly to the varying requirements of varying parts. The public might always be sure that she would not spoil any rôle that she might undertake within her powers, but it was also sure that she would bring to no character any great force or originality. Not even as a leading lady was she great of her kind, and only the emasculate condition of our stage—a condition which allows moneyed managers and clever press agents to create success—could suggest for a moment that Miss Cayvan might be made a star, the public acquaintance with her name to the contrary notwithstanding.

Miss Cayvan made her first appearance in the new capacity as the heroine of "Mary Pennington, Spinster." The part is, if anything, too far within her abilities. It is clearly drawn, but colorless. It is not a life-study, but is one of those hypothetical questions in character which some British playwrights of the ephemeral school like to ask the public. Succinctly stated, it is a good deal like the query, "You haven't a brother, but if you had a brother, would he like green cheese?" The question of the play is: If a new young woman inherited a going business, would she conduct it herself; and if she conducted it herself, would she ruin it by the introduction of feminine fads;

and if she had so ruined it, would she decline to have the business rescued by a young man just because she had discovered that she was in love with him? Such questions may be all right in contemporary literature, but they don't make interesting plays, at least for audiences in America, where we are not bothering our brains about the New Woman, but are leaving her to work out her own salvation in that particular walk of life to which it has pleased Providence to call her.

Miss Cayvan is supported by only a fair company. A large part of the work falls on two minor characters. Mr. Orrin Johnson carries too much weight for an *ingenue*. He is more grotesque than humorous, and his size is against him in attempts to be kittenish. The opposite part—that of a young and girlish prig—is played by Miss Mary Jerrold, a young actress who has everything in her favor except good looks. It seems cruel to criticise a young woman for a deficiency which she cannot help, but personal beauty is a necessity to the young girl rôle in society drama. With these two parts differently cast the piece would take on an entirely different aspect. The staginess of Miss Anne Sutherland evoked audible smiles for the villainy assigned to her by the author. Of course it wouldn't do for a beginning star to be outdone in beauty by any of her subordinates, and this may account for the extreme plainness of the women in the cast.

The entire entertainment is about as highly flavored as a dish of milk toast, and may be enjoyed with perfect safety by old ladies, emotional girls and young children.

* * *

THERE are few persons more deserving of sympathy than the unfortunate escort of a woman with a theatre hat. He may feel like a fool, he may look like a fool, and



"PLAY ME SOMETHING SOFT AND SOOTHING—SOMETHING THAT WILL BRING PEACE AND TRANQUILLITY TO MY PLOUGHED-UP BOSOM."



THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

the remarks of his neighbors may make him feel like thrashing some one, but he can't, because her sex protects the only person deserving chastisement. His only possible revenge is not to take her to the theatre again, and even this is almost impossible if she happens to be his wife. But the man who would marry such a woman deserves his punishment.

Metcalfe.

UNSELFISH.

A SMALL boy belonging to a family of five came into the house one day with five stones, which he cheerfully explained were to be tomb-stones for each member of the family.

Later his little sister, counting them, said: "Here is a tomb-stone for father dear! Here is one for mother! Here is brother's! Here is the baby's; but there is none here for Katie, the nurse." Then she quickly added, "Oh! well, never mind; Katie can have mine, and I'll live!"

AT SIXTEEN TO ONE.

WE'LL all admit, for argument, that Uncle Sam is sick; He cannot yet assimilate; he hasn't learned the trick.

'Tis said that he has plutocratic fever of the brain; It's not at all improbable he has a growing pain. The saccharine components of his system, possibly, May not in due proportions be just what they ought to be. Congressional sciatica has vexed him much of late; Of *tuberculosis tariff* he has suffered, I might state. But what I seek to know is, Will Free Silver charm away The divers complications that he's troubled with to-day? If to-morrow he should take it, will the next day he be cured Of the aggravated ailments which so long he has endured? We all belong to Uncle Sam, and when he takes a dose, Our subsequent condition to his own is mighty close; In consequence it's just as well to watch with eagle eye The rabbit's-foot prescription it's proposed that he shall try.

If, when we have Free Silver, you are fortunate enough To own one thousand dollars of the good, hard, yellow stuff, And get for it two thousand Silver dollars in return, 'Twould seem as if thereafter you'd have cash enough to burn.

And yet—sure fact!—you'd quickly learn the price of things you buy Had mounted in the interim to figures twice as high. And so instead of gaining, you would find the time you spent Had cost you double interest on cash you might have lent. And now suppose you haven't got a red cent, if you please You can't pick Silver dollars from the bushes or the trees. You must have something to exchange. 'Tis plain, without advice

You surely cannot buy them if you haven't got the price. And as the world's divided into just two kind of folk— The fellows who have money and the fellows who are broke—I cannot see, with Silver Free, just where we're coming in. We might as well have copper or the cheapest kind of tin.

Tom Masson.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A VIVISECTOR.



A LINGERING REGRET.

HELEN: Are you sure God will forgive me for slapping sister if I ask Him, mamma?

MAMMA: Certainly, dear.

HELEN (*reflectively*): Then I wish I had slapped her harder.

MOST men come to grief from having too much confidence in their own inability.



AMERICAN MILITARISM.

MR. E. LAURENCE GODKIN and other passionate patriots have called the Republic's attention loudly to the growing dangers of militarism, and we rise solemnly to echo the warning. This fatal American ambition to lick somebody, to wipe countries off the map, tribes off the earth, and spots off creation, will surely lead to a breach of the peace. This spirit is dangerously widespread. Parsons, politicians, populists, pie-eaters and policemen all exhibit this pugnacious strain, and the only peaceful and non-combatant persons left in the

community are soldiers and prize-fighters.

The ensanguined eye is the type of the age; the passionate Godkin has not spoken too soon. Let us calmly examine into this red terror, as Mr. S. Crane would say.

The regular army is a body of professional fighters, who have their emotions well under control, and who love peace and quiet. Our militia is so busy all the year round trying to look like the regular army, that it has no time to be sanguinary or ostentatious; it is dangerous only while feeding. These are not the danger spots.

The voluntary aggregations of citizens, garbed in soldier clothes, who prance periodically through our streets, gorgeous, awe-inspiring, and militant, are composed of men whose hearts throb fiery and furious for war and slaughter. These are the storm centres from which go forth the waves of apprehension that make Europe pause, Asia quake, Africa tremble, and give America—including Godkin—spasms.

The Chicago Hussars—gay, haughty devils—shake the continent every time they vault lightly from a step-ladder into a saddle. The Philadelphia Horse Guards turn the steaming nostrils of their pawing Normandies towards Europe, and Russia's Asian advance is stayed; the terror of their clothes has gone before them. Yet even these fiery fellows may be restrained by the master hand of a corporal—if in society.

For pure, unrestrained, out-reaching militarism we must go to Boston, which is the lair, the habitat, of some of the most reckless military dare-devils ever cultivated under glass. When Boston reads of Xenophon's Ten Thousand, when her orators allude to Thermopylæ, or indiscreetly mention Napoleon's Old Guard, she raises her eyebrows and sniffs. These were well enough in their day; but she can point to her Lancers—men who can sit on horses and carry lances simultaneously; and she can, with heaving breast, name her immortals—her heroes of a hundred feeds—the Ancient and Honorable



Artillery Company. Concord had her embattled farmers; but Boston has her embattled grocers and marketmen, to whom even the glittering Codfish bows. Do you want the man who has unflinchingly faced a hundred fiery, red bottles? Seek him in the serried ranks of the Ancients. Do you seek the man who, unwinking, has watched the deadly batteries on South Boston's ball-fields? Hie thee to the Artillery Company. Here, then, is the wrinkled front of war, the hot-bed of militarism. Within its half-shot ranks are men capable of charging the bars of two continents with any amount—men who menace the peace of every vine-clad hill in California, every hop-strewn field in Oregon. Here is the Godkin germ—the microbe of war.

And yet it served the cause of peace in its recent invasion of England. Led by the dauntless Walker, with the Salem Cadet brass band round its neck, this corps of dare-devils went forth across the wild ocean, over the track of the Pilgrim Fathers, and boldly descended on English soil. Their grim helmets, their new coats, their baited breaths

made England quake as she has not quivered since Norman William landed at Hastings. They carried the American flag and palate up to the gates of Windsor, and shook the British breweries to their foundations. Lord Linsey Woolsey—a warrior as bold as the most cruel and relentless Ancient—saw them, supped with them, and hastened to the throne. "Your Majesty," he exclaimed, in agitated tones, "call off Salisbury; apologize to Venezuela; recognize Monroe; lend our gold to Cleveland. We cannot fight a nation of men like these; they are invincible; their legs are hollow; their palates are Saharas; they are more eloquent than our most eminent pugilists."

That visit cowed Salisbury, and settled England's war fever. Such is the A. & H. A. Company of Boston, which is now back in its home, more militant than ever, crouching like tigers in the shadow of the ancient Codfish, waiting to be hurled on an unsuspecting nation when the fateful hour arrives.

How can this danger be averted? How can militarism be dissipated? Only two methods of destroying the terrors of Boston are known. The A. & H. A. Company must be distributed over the land as campaign orators, to be torn to pieces by the enraged populace, or every brewery, vine-press and distillery in the land must be destroyed. The details of this patriotic work should be managed by a syndicate, and the task of luring these warriors to destruction be left to Mr. Godkin.

Only thus can American militarism be eradicated.

Joseph Smith.



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YALE AND BRYAN.

IN a national campaign, next to the stump speaker and the editor of a country newspaper, the brass band makes the most noise. But, strange as it may seem, the band spreads abroad more patriotic and less self-seeking sentiments than either of its rivals in this line of business.

In the late unpleasantness which occurred between Mr. Bryan and the Yale students we have heard the opinions of the followers of both sides, but little has



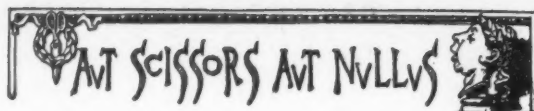
*The Spirit of his Wife: BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!
Gilligan: WHERE—D'YE—WANT—ME—TER—BE—MARY ANN?*

been said in regard to the attitude of the band. As Mr. Bryan left the platform, amid the thundering cheers of the Yale men (for McKinley), the band, with unusual forethought, played an appropriate tune, which was, "Arrah, go on; you're only foolin'."



The question has come to the minds of some people as to whom the band addressed its sentiment. Let the minds of all be at rest, for without doubt the band was absolutely impartial.

Although the sentiment was meant for both, it was received in a different spirit by each. The students knew they were "only foolin'." Mr. Bryan did not know that he was.



THE BLESSINGS OF NIGHTFALL.

When the shades of night have fallen and
The peaceful hours have come,
The oarsman, sleeping, rests his skull,
The giddy girl her gum.

The wagon maker rests his tongue;
The artist—pale and weak—
His palate rests at night; commercial
Travelers rest their cheek.

The hardware man doth rest his nails,
The watch his faint alarms;
The stovepipe man his elbows stiff,
The soldier rests his arms.

Coal miners rest their veins at night,
Indians their scalps do rest;
The packer his ribs and shoulders, while
The carpenter rests his chest.

And while we're resting let us all
This vote of thanks send in:
"Praise Morpheus that woman, when
She sleeps, must rest her chin!"

—Chicago News.

"Do I think the bicycle is a proper thing for a woman to ride?" repeated one schooner captain of another down at Charley Ellis' the other day.

"B'gosh, I've got to think so for the old lady rides one."

"When I went home last voyage she says to me:

"John, come an' see my wheel and watch me ride."

"She's a trim-lookin' little craft, my old lady is, but

she didn't know how to ride, so she must have me to cast off the lines and give her a tow until she got pretty well under headway.

"Away she started, a reef in her sheet on one side a-showin' too much of her spars, but a-gettin' along pretty good. She struck a squall and I shouted to her:

"Hi, there, put your wheel hard a-port and shift your ballast to starboard." That's what she did, and by the eternal hurricanes the rudder turned clean over the bowsprit and I shouted:

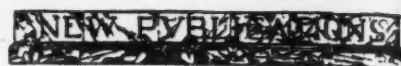
"Woman overboard!"

"John," says she, reproachfully, 'you don't know anything about it. Of course it's all right on a ship to shift your ballast over to the opposite way you are careening, but on a wheel it's different. When your wheel is leaning to port you lean that way too.'

"And I'll be durned if she didn't learn the thing on that unnatural principle, and now she rides the wheel like my old boat rides the billows."

—Florida Times-Union.

A YANKEE, upon eating his first meal of frogs' legs, asked the hotel proprietor how he accounted for the high price. He was told it was on account of the scarcity of the product. "Not at all," said the Yankee; "I can get you a million." "A million?" gasped the Boniface; "I should like to engage to find you a profitable market if you can produce them." "Why, I can get them to-day surely." At night the Yank came back with eight pairs, and declared the trick off. "I thought you said you knew where you could get a million," said Boniface. "Well, to tell you the truth," explained the other, "I formed my judgment of the number by the noise."—Argonaut.



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

MRS. CLIFF'S YACHT. By Frank R. Stockton.
A Book of Martyrs. By Cornelia Atwood Pratt.
The Rogue's March. By E. W. Hornung.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK.

Bijou's Courtships. From the French of "Gyp." By Katherine di Zérèga.

A Conspiracy of the Carbonari. By Louise Mühlbach.

Our Humor. By Richard Shelburn. New York: Columbia Book Company.

Daybreak. By James Cowan. New York: George H. Richmond and Company.

THE following story is related of a gentleman who invited a number of Sunday-school children to a treat in his beautiful grounds. Not the least appreciated among the many good things were the excellent strawberries and cream, of which there was a plentiful supply.

Seeing how the children enjoyed these, the good man, wishing to improve the occasion, addressed them: "Well, boys," he said, "I hope you have thoroughly enjoyed your strawberries and cream."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, in lusty chorus.

"But suppose," he continued, "that instead of having been invited here you had stolen over my garden wall and helped yourselves when no one was looking; you would not have enjoyed them half so much, would you?"

"No, sir," again replied the chorus.

"And why not?" queried their benefactor.

To this question there was no immediate response, the boys being apparently shy of giving any reason. At length, however, a little urchin, rather bolder than the rest, piped out, "'Cause we shouldn't have had no cream with them!"—Tit Bits.

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Respectfully, JAMES L. McEWEN.

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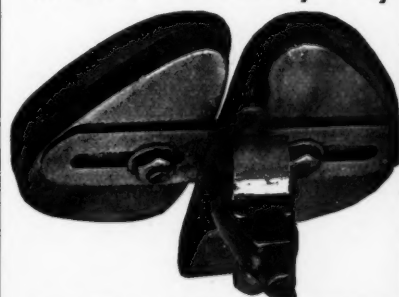


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EVOLUTION OF SILVER STATESMEN.

When I think upon the chasm,
Said the quivering Protoplasm,
That yawns 'twixt me and Protozoa;
When I view the bonds that link us
To the gay Ornithorynchus
Or the Steganopodes upon the shore;

When I see how things develop,
From the ugly oyster-shell up
To the fascinating young Cephalopod,
How the Deccapoda followed
To be subsequently swallowed
By the lobster-pot or hungry Thomas-cod;

How the first fruit of creation,
Spurning other recreation,
Confined itself to evolutin' up,
Till it stood in the regalia
Of the higher-class mammalia,
And was fondled as a barking brindled pup

When I think, too, how much bigger,
Is the present human figure,
And how much more symmetrical in shape
Than the first developed mammal,
Or the burden-bearing camel,
Or even than the anthropoidal ape,

I am filled with admiration
At the wonders of creation,
And I look upon my progeny with pride;
But for my contribution
To the scheme of evolution
The experiment might never have been tried,

And yet, said Protoplasm,
With a meditative spasm,
As he gave himself an instant's thoughtful pause,
I am sometimes led to wonder
If we haven't made a blunder
In developing such loosely swinging jaws.

They are well enough for eating,
But in every place of meeting,
And whenever there's an audience in reach,
There's a pair of them in motion,
Pouring out a perfect ocean
Of muddled and befuddled parts of speech.

There is Stewart, of Nevada,
Who can churn the language harder
Than Niagara churns the water at its base,
And that soporific zephyr,
The interminable Peffer,
When he opens up the wind-cave in his face.

Then, there's Allen, of Nebraska,
Who was never known to ask a
Moment's rest because his mouth was getting
tired,
And there's Alabama Morgan,
With a powerful vocal organ,
Much too active to be constantly admired.

There is Wolcott, Jones, and Teller,
Who can stand all day and beller
That fifty cents in silver's worth a dollar,
And there's Voorhees, and there's Vest,
Call, and Cockrell, and the rest,
And the cuckoos wearing Grover Cleveland's collar.

In fact, I think the Senate,
In those dreadful minutes when it
Sees an orator like Peffer take the floor,
Offers proof and demonstration
That the whole scheme of creation
Has ended in an everlasting bore.

The higher class mammalia
Seem to me an utter failure,
From the time they left the protoplasmic cell,
In the Senate, House, and cloister,
They've done nothing that an oyster
Couldn't do in decent silence just as well.

For the humor of the oyster
Is jucier and moister,
And it's wiser than the Senate any day.
For it doesn't howl and cut up,
And it knows enough to shut up,
- When it really hasn't anything to say,

—Isaac N. Bromley in *The Argonaut*.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

MY LOVE'S REBELLION.

Her rebel mouth, her traitor eyes,
How many a soldier falls between!
Do sunny smiles 'neath cold gray skies
Conspiracy's arch signals mean?
In this old war of North and South,
With which enlisted shall I be?
To fight for freedom, with her mouth,
Or with her eyes for slavery?

—Boston Transcript.

TOOK THIRTY-SEVEN INSTEAD OF TWENTY-NINE.

LOBSTER BILL MIXED THE MEDICINE UP, BUT A DOCTOR PULLED HIM THROUGH.

ANNA BELLE JOHNSON TAYLOR, a softshell crab vender, well known in the Tenderloin, went to the West Thirtieth street station a day or two ago in a state of mind.

"What's the trouble, Aunt?" inquired Acting Captain McDermott, who was at the desk.

"Terrible orful!" exclaimed the colored woman. So dreadful terrible, Capt'n, I liked ter died. You know my husban, 'Lobster Bill?' Well, sah, he

scart me most to def, an' I 'clare ter all dat's good Ise der frightenedest woman in dis hyer town."

"What did he do?" asked the police official.

"Do? Why, he took thirty-seven instead of twenty-nine, an' den he hol-lered worse'n a steamboat whistle. He jest biled over dat 'ere kitchen floor an' kept a rubbing his stomach like he done gone out of his common senses. Dat's what Bill did, an' der tenements from all ob der houses on der block came 'round to see what der discussion were about. Den we got a doctor, an' Bill came 'round all right.

"Afterward he sot in der rocker chair, pale'n a ghost, an' I sez 'Bill, how did it come?' He tole me an' Sis Nelson dat he took thirty-seven when he oughen er took it, as he wanted twenty-nine, an' Sis an' me laughed like we'd have fits. So Bill throwed a hammer an' a cup an' a plate an' a saucepan, an' he then ups an' chases us into der bedroom wif der carvin' knife. Dat's where I frightened. Now he sez he's not goin' ter 'low me in der house no mo', an' I wants a officer as ken quiet him down."

"Let me understand this," said McDermott. The trouble began by Bill taking thirty-seven instead of twenty-nine. Was he playing poke or shooting crap?"

"Lawdy goodness, no; dese yer number are from der patent medicine book. Yer see, thirty-seven am de opposition rescription of rescription twenty-nine. Bill, he was sick of twenty-nine, an' in cose he can't read, so he took dat ere patent medicine book, Dumphy's Pacifics or what you call it, and showed it to Mister Madden. Dat gentleman marked out rescription thirty-seven, an' Bill had der medicine cashed at der drug shop. Den he took it. Den der doctor had ter come. Den Sis an' I thought it were a good joke, an' Bill got madder'n a mad dog in dog days. Now he's in der house swearin' he'll cut ma heart out, all on 'count ob takin' thirty-seven for twenty-nine."

A policemen was sent around to quiet Bill, and Mrs. Anna Belle Johnson Taylor went back to the house and threw the patent medicine book into Mrs. Lucinda Jones' fire escape garden on the third balcony.

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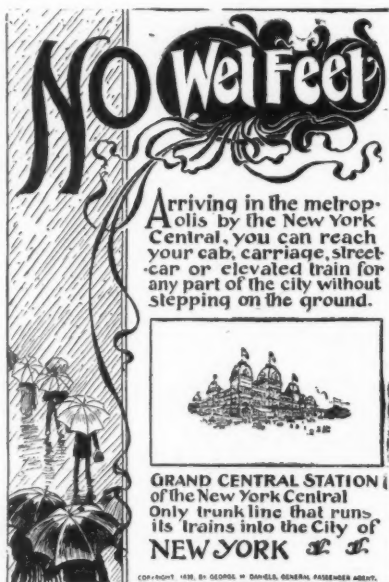
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